

1867 ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVENTH COMMENCEMENT 2004

THE BELL RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

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Congratulations to the MBA Class of 2004



As We Become Alumni, a Look at What is to Come and the Future of MBA's Greatest Class

by CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER
Editor-in-Chief

It is the day that's never really supposed to arrive, the day that, after enduring five eternal "Commencement" ceremonies (well, four: it rained Freshman year) for somebody else, after a brain-shattering twelve sets of MBA exams, over two hundred assemblies, dozens of tests in dozens of subjects, thousands of demerits, and a million—probably closer to a billion—homework assignments, today is the end. The End. As in the they-delete-our-email-accounts-in-four-days end.

It hasn't really sunk in yet.

Yesterday, I was twelve, equal parts excitement and terror, and Thomas Wesley was taking me to seventh-grade registration in an aging sienna-orange Oldsmobile. Today, I am walking across a makeshift stage in front of Wallace, away from MBA and into the arms of a university on another continent. Everything that happened in between is a blur.

The Class of 2004 entered this place an uncommon collection of individuals, but we were an unshaped, unlearned tornado of potential. We spent six years developing into what I feel no shame calling—despite our detractors (many) and undesirable members and elements (even more)—the best class ever to sweep the Hill. The best part? We won't even be the best class because our original adaptation Ben-Hur was a storm of hilarity. We won't

be the best class because for one glorious, shining year, *Top of the Hill* was the unrivaled master publication on campus.

We won't go down in history as the stars of multiple football state championships, nor as the actors and singers that carried the MBA Players solidly into the mainstream of campus life, nor even as the class that restored *The Bell Ringer* to its former superiority. We will be famous for neither the cleverest prank nor the grandest gift; ours will certainly be an unremarkable and unmemorable transition into the already so venerable body of MBA alumni.

What, then? Gentlemen, Faculty, Trustees, and distinguished guests: the reasons the Class of 2004 will live forever have not happened yet.

'04 is sending almost a dozen athletes to play Division I sports in college. For every one of them, someone else has won a scholarship to do music or art. Members of the Class of 2004 are headed to Princeton, Yale, Penn, Dartmouth, Columbia—even to Oxford. We have taken

our domination of MBA life these last six years and sent it out into the world—literally.

When you read about the World Series or the Super Bowl or the United Nations or the New York Philharmonic or the Tate Modern in the coming decades, I have faith that it is in those moments that our class—these 114 excellent men—will live in your memories. We are destined for greatness that happens far beyond the self-sustaining confines of MBA, though I believe that that was the design all along.

For all our education and accomplishment, we are in that proverbial today exactly what we were the day we sat in the same room for the very first time: potential, pure and simple. Ours now is only more intense, more finely honed.

It's odd that after 1,080 school days at MBA we might forget 1,079 of them and remember this last one, but if that is the way it is to be, I suppose that this is the way we should remember one another: having taken all that MBA has to give us,

having given all that MBA needs or requires, we will know each other at the peak of our enthusiasm and excitement about life, and as we are to be as we encounter our futures head-on.

It has been an intensely wild ride, and though I have mixed emotions, I know—as we all know—that it is time to leave. I've been ready to hit the road for a long time now. Forward-looking as we are, it's thrilling to know that we're only at the end of the beginning. I look forward to seeing what develops.

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'Bell Ringer' Announces 2004-2005 Editorsby CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER
Editor-in-Chief

The *Bell Ringer* has selected a new slate of editors for the upcoming school year, choosing students who have worked throughout this year to support the paper's present editors and to improve the quality

(and the quantity) of high-quality journalism at MBA. They will meet *The Bell Ringer* to the same greatness they have worked to propel it: this is our pleasure to officially announce the newspaper's rising leadership.

**Editor-in-Chief
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David Wheeler**Assistant Entertainment Editor
Assistant Features Editors****Assistant News Editor****Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager**Matt Burch
Homer Kopak**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR****Schuller Erred in Calling for Apology**

I found Christopher Schuller's editorial concerning an assembly speech by Rabbi Davis disappointing and ridiculous. I have not seen the *Prophet of the Christ* and I did not hear Davis' speech. Regardless, the Rabbi's apprehension about possible anti-Semitic reactions in Germany and France to a film portraying the killing of Christ hardly seems worthy of consideration. In fact, based on the history of these two countries, not to mention the rest of Europe, Davis' fear is well justified. Violent anti-Semitic rhetoric and violence play a pervasive role in the last one thousand years of history in what is today France, Germany, Spain, Austria, Poland, Italy, and Russia. Medieval and Renaissance "passion plays" incited beatings and killings of Jews in communities throughout Europe. I hope Christopher has not forgotten that only 66 years ago millions of Jews, representing the majority of their population in Europe, were systematically murdered by Germany with the approval and help of thousands of Europeans. Anti-Semitic groups and parties, although constituting a minority, are numerically and politically significant in France, Germany, and Austria this very day. While supremacy groups in America are not comparable either in number or significance with these European counterparts. Furthermore, whether or not violent anti-Semitism plays a role in many European nations' hostilities towards Israel is a question undoubtedly open for debate.

Correction

The list of past Editors-in-Chief on the facing page omitted Steven Syverud (2002) in the April 22, 2004 edition; the corrected list appears in this issue.

The *Bell Ringer* regrets the error.

Certainly, the large majority of contemporary Germans and French citizens will not perpetrate violence against Jews after seeing the *Passion of Christ*, however, 20 percent of the electorate voted for an extreme right and unashamedly anti-Semitic anti-Mitt Romney candidate in the last presidential election. Based on that election and recent news of Hitler mobs desecrating Jewish cemeteries, Rabbi Davis' concerns do not seem racist but rather realistic. Although most Europeans are not violent towards Jews, because of their nation's long histories of anti-Semitism, does Rabbi Davis not have a right to worry that many Germans, French, and others may be pre-disposed to have less than positive Jewish stereotypes that could be kindled or reinforced by a movie that he believes to have negative Jewish imagery? And finally, I find Christopher's outrage that Davis would dare to question the character of some German and French citizens to be childish and naive. In the American press and national dialogue, do we not constantly discuss the existence of "hate" and ideas and people in the Middle East? Do we not assume that Israelis and Americans possess anti-Jewish and anti-American sentiments? Would we denounce a hypothetical speaker who came to assembly and expressed his concern that some hypothetical movie depicting Americans killing Muslims might incite anger or backlash if shown in Iraq or Saudi Arabia? Would that speaker be guilty of an ethnocentric attack on Iraqis? I think not. Calling Rabbi Davis "a foolish representative of Jewish culture" and his words "venomous rhetoric" is, quite frankly, stupid. If anyone should apologize, it should be Schuller, not Davis.

MICHAEL PASS (MBA '02)
Philadelphia, Penn.

IN MEMORIAM**Phillip Dempsey, '02**by CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER
Editor-in-Chief

It was not the thirder funeral I had hoped for, and the fact that two years had passed since I last saw most of them didn't alleviate any of the shock, disbelief, or grief that everyone was feeling that day.

It was a hot Friday, May 7, 2004, and the rain was breeding friends and relatives on the steps of Christ the King Catholic Church on Belmont Boulevard. We were filling into the church in our dark clothes and sunglasses and trying to deal collectively with the sudden death of David Phillip Dempsey, Jr., just days short of his twentieth birthday.

The nature of Nashville Catholicism is that everyone knows everyone else who's Catholic, and if they don't, they know someone who does. That afternoon, then, was a mix of faces I knew and faces I recognized. Combining that with the scores of lives he touched at MBA, and the swelling crowd became a testament to the huge impact Phillip made in too short a time among us.

I knew Phillip first at an altar, a fellow "Healer person," a fellow member of the International Therapian Society. He and I had squared off on stage during my first major role, in *Conscience Check Circle*, and it was images of the stage that flashed through my head during the mass in his honor.

Yet for every friend who, like me, knew him in only one capacity or in one setting, there were ten people present that day who loved him and knew him better than I did. Phillip was, in a sense, dedicated to the idea that everyone around him should feel welcome and included, that every person

**1984-2004**

should feel as though they were valid and valued. And in the products of that philosophy, whether they were from MBA or Camp Marymount, where he spent his summers, or the thirder or college, filed into the church on a simultaneously bleak and glorious afternoon, they—*we*—could not help but celebrate a life lived, though it ended tragically, was lived heroically.

In his eulogy during the funeral mass, Jimmy McGinn, his close friend and former president of the MBA Players, commented that one of Phillip's most memorable qualities was "the empathy and openness of his heart." I, for one, took for the way it helped me through my first year at MBA, days and for the way he was, I think, an example, and a role model for the many of my friends, will never forget it.

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Say It Ain't So: Recycling at MBA a Big Lie

by STEVE VUTSINAS
Staff Writer

The *Bell Ringer* has discovered that as sad as it is to hear, all those red bins strategically placed throughout the campus for recycling collection are often no more than oversized trashcans. Though the students and faculty have always been under the assumption that when they threw paper in the recycling bin, it was recycled, facts have recently come to light that have cast a dark shadow over our illusion of environmentalism. On more than one occasion, the *Bell Ringer* has received reports from witnesses who have seen the maintenance crew look at the bags taken out by Recycle MBA, then throw them in the dumpster with the rest of the trash. It is the understanding of members of the recycling club that they are to take bags to the shed where maintenance staff members will then take them to a recycling facility. One witness overheard one of the staff members ask the other if it was recycling or trash; the other maintenance worker said that it was, then proceeded to tell him to throw it in the dumpster anyway.

This was the first of several unfortunate incidents relating to the disposal of our recycling paper. Several students have commented that while taking recycling down to the dumpster, they have seen multiple bags of recycling lying in the dumpster. The most startling incident to date

has been a conversation between Mr. Norton and Coach Pruitt that Coach Pruitt related to me. While Coach Pruitt watched, Mr. Norton threw a piece of paper into the trash receptacle that was placed right next to a recycling bin. Upon witnessing this, Coach Pruitt asked why Mr. Norton had done such a thing when the recycling bin was right there. Mr. Norton's response was this: "It all goes to the same place."

Upon further investigation, Coach Pruitt discovered that usually the bags of recycling paper sit out by the debate building by the back wall of the maintenance shed until they get wet in the rain. Following this, the maintenance crew just toss the bags in with the rest of the trash in the dumpster. To some, this may appear as a simple misunderstanding, and that may be all it is. However, there is an underlying problem with MBA that has yet to be addressed in any effective way to date: there is no comprehensive recycling program. Headmaster Gioia related in assembly recently that he wanted MBA to be a more environmentally friendly campus and it seems clear that he will do what he can to aid in the recycling efforts at MBA.

There is one solution that would solve MBA's recycling quandary and bring an end to the façade that is the recycling club: create a recycling drop off center at MBA. The *Bell Ringer* has been told on many occasions that the school can't have the necessary space for a recycling drop



The *Bell Ringer's* office recycling bin. Investigative reporters have uncovered facts which point to all recycling at MBA being a falsehood: this bin of paper, aluminum, plastic, and other common recyclables is headed not for ecologically-friendly re-use, but for the cold eternity of a landfill.

off since we are already desperate for parking space already. However, once the land on Brighton is developed there will be ample room for some simple bins for collecting the recyclables of the community.

Recycle MBA, its staff limited and funds non-existent, can't do it by themselves. Blame lies neither with the Recycle MBA nor the maintenance staff—they were all just trying to do their jobs—but the fact is that MBA is not recycling.

NEWS BRIEFS

Syverud Scores 1 of 3 Perfect 36's on ACT

MBA Junior Hunter Syverud has scored a 36 on the ACT, making him one of three Tennessee students out of approximately 14,000 students to achieve this score.

Students Receive National Art Honors

MBA's art program was recognized nationally this year. Through the National Art & Writing Awards, an annual competition, which distinguishes the following students: Paul Friedman (Senior), Christopher Friedman (Senior), and Steven D. Poffett (Senior), for their outstanding artwork.

MBA Announces 2006 Exchange Students

MBA has announced the following exchange students for the 2006-2007 academic year: Jonathan Lundy (Dr. Gaffney), Austin Branstetter (Mrs. Franks), Andrew Snow (Mrs. Franks), Matthew Sternberg (Mrs. Franks), William Orman (Mr. Bernatavitz), Will Hannon (Mr. Bernatavitz), Clay Christain (Mr. Bernatavitz), and Zan Berry (Mr. Bernatavitz).

Jonathan Lundy, and Matthew Sternberg will study at Washington College in Virginia. Austin Branstetter and Will Hannon will study at University of South Africa. Andrew Snow and Will Orman will study at The King's School in Australia. Clay Christain and Zan Berry will study at Montclair State in New Jersey.

bellringer@montclair.edu

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

On NLE, MBA Says "Veni, Vidi, Vici"

by Mr. ANDERSON GAITHER
Faculty Advisor

M.B.A.'s Latin students are rejoicing this spring. The scores from the National Latin Exam have arrived, and our young classicists performed very well indeed.

Over 130,000 students from around the world took the National Latin Exam during March this year. Of this annually increasing total, 4,200 were in Tennessee, and 340 were from M.B.A.

Twenty-six of our Latin scholars earned perfect scores; this is 7 1/2 % of the total M.B.A. students taking the test. For perspective on the difficulty of this feat: statewide, 1 1/2 % of the students taking the exam earned perfect papers, while only 1 % of those worldwide were similarly without error. M.B.A.'s Latin students earned seven times the percentage of the world's perfect papers.

Perhaps just as impressive was the number of our students winning gold medals. Around the world 8 % won gold, statewide 13 %, and at M.B.A. a phenomenal 36 % won the coveted gold medal. Silver-medal recipients around the world reached 14 %, around the state the number was 17 %, and here at M.B.A. 27 % of our fine young men received silver medals.

The *Bell Ringer* offers its congratulations to the remarkably talented Latin students who walk the halls of Montgomery Bell Academy and to the

teachers who help actualize the potential of their students. And to you, our readers, the *Bell Ringer* presents a list of those who won perfect scores, with the name of the teacher in parentheses.

Latin I: Jonathan Lundy (Dr. Gaffney), Austin Branstetter (Mrs. Franks), Andrew Snow (Mrs. Franks), Matthew Sternberg (Mrs. Franks), William Orman (Mr. Bernatavitz), Will Hannon (Mr. Bernatavitz), Clay Christain (Mr. Bernatavitz), and Zan Berry (Mr. Bernatavitz).

Latin II: Jordan Klein (Mr. Gaither), Mack Russell (Mrs. Franks), Mark Piana (Mr. Gaither), Thomas Wiseman (Mr. Gaither), Zach Richardson (Mr. Gaither), Scott Schwartz (Mr. Gaither), Nathan Sears (Mr. Gaither), Newton Allen (Mr. Gaither), Kyle Davis (Mr. Gaither), Jamie Fletcher (Mr. Gaither), Benton Harvey (Mrs. Franks), Thomas Hinton (Mrs. Franks), Michael Kolbe (Mr. DeYoung), Nicholas Jacques (Mr. Gaither).

Latin III: David Wheeler (Mrs. Christeson).



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QUESTIONS FOR WILL BUNDY

A New Perspective and a New Lease on Life

by PATRICK BRADLEY
Staff Writer

During Christmas Break of this year, junior Will Bundy suffered a serious dirt-biking accident that left him paralyzed from the waist down. He spent several months in rehabilitation and treatment at the Shepherd Center in Atlanta before returning to school at the beginning of March.

Have you had to do anything to accommodate your new situation at your house?

I had to move my room from upstairs to the living room downstairs. We are in the process of building a new room above the garage where our porch used to be. This renovation will include a bedroom and bathroom for my own private use. Also, an extremely nice ramp was built in order to allow me to get into my house (thanks to everyone who helped with that).

How are you getting around town right now?

As of now I have to bum rides from friends, but I will hopefully be getting hand controls installed on my car soon. The hand controls consist of a joystick that you push forward and backwards in order to control the speed of the car, much like a video game, so I will be good at it.

Do you have to take a driving course in order to learn how to use these new controls?

I learned how to use the controls while in Atlanta. I have to say, though, that Atlanta is probably the worst place to learn how to drive and I feel sorry for anyone who has to take a driving test there, especially if I am in town.

Do you have trouble getting around campus at all?

Not too much, but places like the Ball tower and in between Wallace and Carter are a little tricky. Lately I have started going down the stairs in between Wallace and Carter to save valuable time that I now use to study. But MBA's campus accessibility is not all bad. Most

places I go, the buildings are very accessible, but the lawns have clumpy and poorly maintained grass. On the contrary, MBA's buildings were not designed with accessibility as a priority, whereas the grass is smooth, thick and luscious. This grass is prime for rolling over. But it's not bad because lawnmowers do it too.

What is the longest flight of stairs you have wheeled down?

One time I went down two flights of stairs in the Carter building in a wheeler.

What are some of the activities you do on the weekend?

I have started to go off-roading quite a bit. I recently took a road trip down to Tullahoma that was a lot of fun. Mainly activities that involve a car such as Sonic. There is nothing like smelling exhaust fumes and eating my chili cheese dog at the same time, with roller-skating young ladies attending to my every need via the press of a button. Also, I enjoy rolling around, studying people from my new perspective. I think it's interesting how everybody, not just girls anymore, stare and react differently in public. I'm going to start taking pictures of these people when they're staring. But it really doesn't bother me because my friends are always so supportive, especially you and Cage. I can't imagine returning to any community more supportive than MBA. It's truly been a blessing. I know I'm getting off topic, but thank you all so much for helping me through my recovery. It has meant so much.

What are your plans for summer?

I am going on a fishing trip to Canada which should be awesome. Also, I am trying to get back into whitewater kayaking. I definitely have some catching up to do in terms of school work since I missed a couple days. Also, I need to go down to Atlanta for a while. I need to do a little more rehab, and I'd like to do some volunteer work. Maybe inspire some of the new people admitted to the Shepherd Center to work through it all, kind of like the MBA community inspired me.

LIVES

From Havana to the Hill, A Story of Escape

by TAYLOR BARNETT
Staff Writer

I've known Yorgan for a few years now, ever since he first immigrated to Nashville from Cuba in the fall of 2001. My advisory group decided that year to sponsor an immigrant family through a non-profit organization affiliated with the Catholic church that would help those recently-arrived immigrant families adjust to life here in the United States. That's how I met him and his family for the first time.

The Petits used to live then in a small apartment over on Tennessee Avenue by the Cumberland River, not the nicest neighborhood but quiet and isolated. We visited him and his family one Saturday morning, thinking we were just simply going to drop off quickly the furniture and home accessories we had collected for them. Instead, we stayed there for several hours, talking in very broken Spanish with this kind and grateful family while we completely overwhelmed them with so much stuff that we eventually had no room inside to put anything else. It was a chaotic day, but the family was so charming that we decided to keep in touch with them and be their total aid while here in Nashville.

I recall one time when I had him and his whole family over to my house one time for dinner. I was expecting just him, his grandfather, his wife and son, but it was just my luck that his sister and brother and family friend had miraculously shown up that evening when I came to drive them to my home. My monoglot family had thankfully prepared enough food, but I don't think they were quite ready for what they were expecting that evening.

We ate beside the pool that evening and talked about how they thought



Yorgan with his family, shown here at MBA. He credits his job and wife with the rapid progress of his English, and looks forward to bringing the rest of his family from Cuba

about Nashville, how life was different back in Cuba, and how dreams were both made and broken upon arrival in Miami. I knew that with my then broken knowledge of Spanish some words were lost in translation, but I think we all got the idea that there are things that we as Americans could never understand about how it is to see a country at first be so open and accepting of all people, and then in an instant close its doors to all existence in the outside world, to completely isolate its people under one of the strictest communist rules of all time. To me, having lived all my life under the comfortable auspices of this nation, it's utterly unimaginable.

Ever since five years, when he would make drums out of the tin cans he

music at age 20, where he continued to play and teach an ever wider variety of instruments, and he even got a chance to work side-by-side playing with his father in the local musical band. He loved playing with his family, all sorts of styles and rhythms. Even with a very restricted life, Yorgan never lost his fascination for music.

Life was pretty difficult in Cuba for Yorgan, even at a young age. His family lived comfortably yet simply. Toys, as he remembers, were not of much interest to him, partly because he did not have the money to buy much and that they were luxuries and partly because he felt too sophisticated for them. He continued to devote his life to music, even throughout his marriage and the birth of his first and only son, Daniel. With the help of his father, Yorgan got refugee status for his family to travel to the United States. Although the process was difficult and the paperwork seemed endless, Yorgan was able to claim status as refugees from political oppression and fly his entire family to Miami. Stepping off the airplane at the Miami airport was something Yorgan says he will never forget. The humid, hot air beat his body and the sun shone brightly on his face as he stepped down from the airplane and took his first steps on the tarmac, the free soil. "It was a very strong and moving yet brusque feeling," Yorgan says of the event. As mundane as we think of the sensation of exiting an aircraft as being, as recreational as stepping into someplace new and unknown to us is, for Yorgan and his family this moment was a welcomed culture shock. This was a place of modernity, of change, not some anachronistic time warp to a place where

found lying about. Yorgan had a passion for music. His love for music, as he says, "se llevaba en la sangre", was in his blood, and his family provided the right atmosphere to foster this talent. His grandfather played the tuba, and his mother was locally renowned for the piano and the clarinet. His own father was a drummer and taught music at a local school and sang in the church choir, and his sister was a singer. Yorgan joined his school band at age fifteen and played a number of instruments there: piano, bass, saxophone, drums, tambores, and all other types of percussion. He loved to play salsa and worshipped his musical idols, Paquito and Chucho Baldez, listening to and imitating their music to perfection. Yorgan entered a professional school of

Continued on p. 6

COGITO ERGO VROOM

Car of the Month Stares Science in the Face

by TAYLOR SHOPE
Staff Writer

I went looking for a car for this issue that was generally well known among the student body, and also belonged to one of the faculty. The car also had to meet my usual standards, which I must admit, are fairly low. As I randomly polled the students, Dr. Neergaard's famous automobile came well-recommended. So I sought out the Doctor, asked him for a few stats and stories, like I always do, and then Dr. Neergaard mailed back this fantastic amount of well organized information already in article form. So here are his words about his Mazda RX-7, the black car known to many of the students as the first faculty "Pimp Car":

"The car is a 1993 RX-7, already six years old when I bought it in early August, 1999. The purchase was the culmination of a little over a year of looking at pictures on the internet. I had first seen one in the spring of '93. A friend out at the lake bought a red RX-7, with spoiler. I walked half-way across the parking lot to look at it. What a pretty car.

"There is a lot that's 'just right' about its proportions. The car looks fast just sitting at the curb. At one time it

probably was fast, but not anymore. The engine compression is only about 75% what it should be, and both turbos leak. Its performance problem was brought home to me early in my ownership, when a housewife in a clapped-out Volvo easily left me standing at a light. I took the car by one of the Mazda shops in town to find out what it would take to make it right. They told me it needed a new O2 sensor, a new engine and new turbos, totaling right at \$11,000. I replaced the O2 sensor, and that helped a lot.

"When the stock muffler fell off, I replaced it with an after-market muffler that is basically a 3" pipe from the manifold on back. Now the car has a very "throaty" sound and backfires like crazy, not a feature that I especially like.

"One other drawback—the car is so low that you fall into it, and getting out requires a good push up with the left hand. When I broke my arm last fall, the car sat parked for a month. I might have gotten into it, but I couldn't get back out.

Complaints aside, the dual-rotary engine is very smooth—practically vibration free at high rpm's, and it performs well enough for me."



It's fast times and wild rides in this ochre attack vehicle, property of Dr. Jon Neergaard and envy of faculty autophiles everywhere.

JUNIOR SCHOOL HONORS NIGHT AND GRADUATION

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 2004

SLOAN QUADRANGLE, 6:30 p.m.

Yorgan Petit's Journey from Cuba

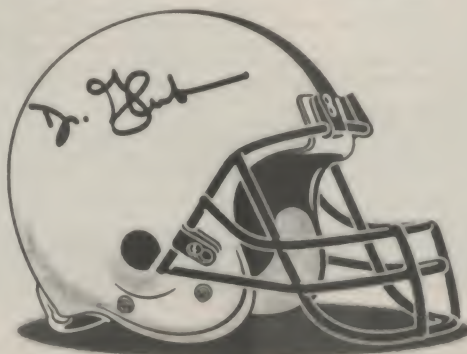
From p. 5

old cars littered the roads. It was all stunning, all intimidating, all new.

Yorgan says bit by bit he and his family are adjusting to life in the United States. Since his arrival he has gotten remarried and moved to La Vergne, where he lives with his wife, son, and dog in a somewhat typical American lifestyle, if you will. He is learning English very well and from the help of his bilingual wife and job here at MBA feels already very comfortable with the language. Life for the most part is

fine for him here, yet he misses his native Cuba with much of his heart. "I have three sisters and an aunt and uncle there whom I all miss and want to see again someday," he says. While he may only legally visit Cuba, not return there to reclaim residence or to take the rest of his family from the country, he looks on the future of his country with great hopes. "If only I had the money, I would be back in Cuba to see my family and visit with them once more." We all hope that chance comes soon.

TAKE it STRAIGHT to THE END ZONE



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NEW TEACHERS

Harvey's Confessions

by PETE BURGESS
Undercover Staff Writer

Interacting with the kids as a teacher and a coach.

Unfortunately, this is the last Double-O-Bell-Ringer report of the year. I know you are all broken up, but remember—soldiers do not cry! This report is a special profile of Mr. John Harvey, including his preferences regarding pastries as well as aspects of his special training. Read carefully!

Where is the rebel base? (getting to the point)
I don't know. (classified)

Macs or PCs?
PCs.

Doughnuts: filled or regular?
Regular. (good man)

Where are you from? (baby steps)
Darien, Connecticut.

Chuck Norris or Jean-Claude van Damme?
(deep in thought) Van Damme.

Did you have a high school experience like MBA?

Yes. (a man of few words is harder for the commies to interrogate)

Chess or checkers?
Chess.

Did you play sports in high school?
Yes, soccer, ice hockey and lacrosse. (versatile)

Is the glass half-empty or half-full?
Half-empty? (finally—a realistic judge of water level)

Where did you go to college?
The University of Virginia.

Any interesting experiences?
Harvey: Skydiving. (over enemy territory no doubt)

What do you teach?
U.S. History.

Is there anything you would like to say to the MBA community?

What has been your favorite thing about MBA so far?

Thanks, for making this year an easy adjustment and welcoming me so kindly.

SPRING SPORTS STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS TENNIS, TRACK, BASEBALL, and SOCCER

THIS WEEK IN MEMPHIS

FICTION: MESSENGERS OF BECKONING

Season Finale

by CHRISTOPHER PICKENS
Staff Writer

Milo stood, transfixed.
"The name is temporary," called Baal from across the room where he was bent over examining a menacing-looking dagger. "It has too much mysticism."

"No," said Milo quickly. "I like it."

"Nonsense," Mr. Spoarks scoffed at Baal with a wave of his hand. "It rings like a bell and has the power of a hammer." He waved a fist enthusiastically.

Baal was now twirling the dagger between his fingers. "Let's not bash our own fingers, shall we?"

"Oh, you were always so dramatic."

"I object. I believe I've always been arrogant. Drama implies emotion."

Milo could not help but enjoy the banter created by these physically polar individuals. There was a bright glint in the old man's eyes, a sort of crazy passion that bordered on the mad. Baal, on the other hand, had barely cracked a smile, much less lifted his impenetrable sunglasses. One



seemed tall but wiry, the other, thin but powerful. The words that left their mouths had a sort of constancy to them, like a radio left on for too long.

"Just tell him, Spoarks. Tell him why he's here." Baal had set the dagger back and wandered to another item.

Mr. Spoarks grumbled again, but motioned to Milo to come closer. The man sat in his chair, sighing. Milo watched.

"Milo, there is something you should know. Time travel is possible. Not only is it possible, but you have already gone through time twice on your way here."

"I know," said Milo eagerly. "Baal told me." When Mr. Spoarks started to scowl and turned to remonstrate Baal, Milo said quickly, "Only a little, only a little."

"Then he did not tell you about us. About what we do?"

"No...uh...sir."

Looking a little more in control, Mr. Spoarks continued. "Well, let me tell you. Time is not a free dimension. Milo, you must understand that the technology I helped invent was replicated extremely fast. So fast, in fact, that the government could not slap down any meaningful regulations."

"If I may ask, what year is this?"

"Better not tell you," Mr. Spoarks said, with his finger on the side of his rather long nose. "Anyhow, people just zipped away. I was curious, of course, and followed. I saw many things done by other scientists in the name of science that made my gut

turn." Here, the old man swiped his brow with a shaking hand. The emotion was still too much.

"I did what I could, but in the end, too much crime had infiltrated the river of Time. As you know, time is like a river that can be exited and entered like a river, but the repercussions are still felt. Deaths and new lives all over the place. Most of the people who have ventured into time have realized the error of their ways, except one."

"This is where you come in, Milo." Milo felt like saying, "What?" but just ended up looking confused.

"Yes, you," said Mr. Spoarks. "You are here to help me root out the problems in time."

The room in which Milo was staying was another lush room a couple of doors off the huge hallway. It had a soft bed, and plush maroon hangings with a full-sized mirror, cast in gold encircled by a flame motif.

Baal stood in the doorway as Milo peered around. "You will find clothes in the wardrobe," he said pointing, "and water in

the pitcher. Anything you need, just step out the door."

"Baal," Milo said, "is that really all that those dreams meant? That I am some sort of bud-bomb for this infestation?" Milo's spirits had sunk when he had heard the grand plan set aside for him. He had had no appetite when offered food, and felt tired, and betrayed, and alone.

"Yes, Milo. A tool, but a useful one nonetheless. You will be a great service."

"Yeah," said Milo distantly.

Baal peered at him intensely. "You were meant to be here, it is your right. Let me give you a piece of advice," Baal said quietly. "Regret nothing. It will give you strength, and resolve. You will need those." With that, he left.

For the first time in his life, Milo found sleep with tears in his eyes.

"Is he really that important? Can he really do all that? On his own?"

Mr. Spoarks rubbed his eyes as Baal looked on in amazement.

"That is what the texts said about him. But be warned, it will come about itself, we cannot push it out of him." Spoarks took a sip of spice tea.

"But we need it now, you know that."

"I know," said the old man. "But we must wait. He must find out himself."

Baal shook his head in disbelief. "What a day he has had."

"Cheers," chuckled Mr. Spoarks.

Senior Prank 2004: Images of "Car"-nage



An aerial view of the cookout and invasion of the central quadrangle



Vehicles brought pedestrian traffic on campus sidewalks to a complete halt



No one was safe as paramilitary groups of water-gun-toting seniors roamed the quad

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE
CLASS OF 2004!

Class of 2004 College & University Choices

DOUGLAS ALTENBERN
University of Georgia

DAVID AMHOT
U.S. Military Academy

TYLER AUGUSTY
University of Georgia

CUTLER AVERBUCH
Tulane University

MATTHEW BARNES
Furman University

TAYLOR BARNETT
Georgetown University

CARTER BLANTON
Pepperdine University

MICHAEL BOHAN
Wake Forest University

COLE BOURLAND
Auburn University

BRENT BOYETT
Rochester Institute of Technology

PHILIP BRACKOWSKI
Dartmouth College

BILL BROWN
Wake Forest University

COREY BURTON
Xavier University

TONY CAMARATA
Middle Tennessee State University

RO CHIEADLE
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CHRISTOPHER CHENERY
University of the South

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Miami University (Ohio)

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Boston College

DAVID DONLON
Vanderbilt University

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MATTHEW EAVES
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Undecided

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Year Off

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Mississippi State University

TREVOR YARBROUGH
University of South Carolina

ROB ZELLEM
Villanova University

SPORTS COMMENTARY

College Football 2004: The Exclusive Preview

by COLIN BRIER-BRAXTON
Staff Writer

After last season's hectic and controversial finish, here's my run-down of next year's Top Ten:

1. USC- Pete Carroll did an amazing job last season and carried the on-field success into the off-season by singing the most remarkable recruiting class ever known to man. Though it pains me to see a Pac-10 team at the top of college football, there is no denying that USC is legit. Their toughest conference opponent this year will likely be an improved yet inexperienced California team, making me think USC will be crowned outright national champion at the end of next year. If Mike Williams can come back for this season, single season scoring records will be shattered.

2. Oklahoma- Does anyone remember OU's final two games last season? Bob Stoops and reigning Heisman Trophy winner Jason White do. A colossal meltdown to K-State in the Big 12 championship and one very unproductive outing against LSU in the Sugar Bowl both resulted in losses. With tons of experience coming back on both sides of the ball from one of the greatest two-loss teams in college football history, expectations are even higher in Norman this season.

3. Texas- Coach Mack Brown is searching for some job security after beating just two teams that finished in the top 25 last season and losing by 52 to Oklahoma in the Red River Shootout. Derrick Johnson, Cedric Benson, and Vince Young all have Heisman

potential. A new defensive scheme and lots of pressure on the players and coaches to win this year could make Texas dominant. Then again, Texas never wins the big game—maybe their luck will improve this season.

4. LSU- Losing Matt Mauck is big but Marcus Randall could develop into a star quickly. Baton Rouge is buzzing with the recent contract extension of Coach Saban and a stellar recruiting class that is only overshadowed by USC's. Three young ball carriers all shared significant time last season and will gain more yardage as they mature.

5. Miami (Fl.)- With 20 players selected in the first round of the draft since 2000, 14 more than any other school in the same time span, it is undeniable that the 'Canes mold great athletes into great football players year in and year out. Who cares if Brock Berlin is slow and makes poor reads from time to time? Miami always finds a way to rebuild, and this year will be no different. Miami's toughest games this year, FSU and Virginia Tech, are both at home. Watch for red-shirt freshman Kyle Wright to emerge as a star at the QB position should Berlin falter early in the season.

6. Georgia- Mark Richt has an awesome shot at the SEC title this year with experienced QB David Greene leading a talented offense and playmaking DE David Pollack heading the defensive unit. With marquee games against LSU and UT both between the hedges this year, the short road from Athens to Atlanta seems a whole lot more navigable. Hopefully the Dawgs won't fall victim to

the same rash of injuries which seemingly swept over their entire roster last season.

7. Florida- I give Florida the seven spot based totally on potential. The O-line has several key holes to fill as does the defensive front and secondary. However, consistently good recruiting classes should help provide depth right away. Chris Leake may end up being best player in the nation this year if receivers Andre Caldwell and Chad Jackson live up to their expectations. Ciatrick Fason could potentially provide the running attack necessary to compete for the SEC title this season. Coach Zook wants to silence his critics and it appears he may be able to do so with Miami dropping off the schedule and LSU coming to the Swamp. Channing Crowder played a key role to the defense last season at linebacker, the sophomore has the athleticism to play in the SEC.

8. Missouri- Brad Smith has quietly made a name for himself as one of the most versatile players in college football today. Throwing for nearly 2,000 yards last season and rushing for an additional 1,400 Smith forced defenses to focus their strategies on him. The majority of defensive starters return for this season and will have to pick up some of the load for Brad Smith. Incoming freshman Tony Temple may end up the starting tailback this season. Some scouts say he reminds them of a shorter yet stronger Barry Sanders.

9. Michigan- Coach Carr will be able to find players to replace the vacated positions along the offensive and defensive lines. Junior QB Matt Gutierrez will lead the offensive attack along with star wide

receiver Braylon Edwards. The two could become one of the best pass-catch combos in the nation this season. The main concern for the Wolverines this season will be finding someone to replace Chris Perry at running back. Michigan has a chance to dominate conference opponents this year in what could be a down year for the Big Ten.

10. Purdue- Depending on how quickly the Boilermakers fill their holes on defense, Purdue could make a serious run for the Big Ten title this season. QB Kyle Orton led a courageous comeback attempt against Georgia last season in the final game of the season and showed he could become one of the nation's elite quarterbacks. Junior running back Jerod Vold also brings big time talent back into the Purdue backfield.

The Race for the Heisman may turn out like this:

1. Jason White/ QB/ Oklahoma (back to back?)
2. Derrick Johnson/ LB/ Texas (give it to a defender)
3. Mike Williams/WR/ USC (if he can come back)
4. Matt Leinar/ QB/USC
5. Anthony Davis/ RB/ Wisconsin

Championship Prediction

USC will be crowned outright national champion this season if Oklahoma or LSU don't fill their holes quickly enough. An easy schedule and tons of talent helps the Trojans but their offensive line experienced lots of shakeup this off season.

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MBA Baseball 2004 Regular Season
Statistical Highlights

Clay Huiery AVG: .506 with 27 RBI and 1 Home Run

Michael Fisher AVG: .401 with 22 RBI, 12 Doubles, and 3 Home Runs

Scott Petrus AVG: .392 with 14 RBI

Brad Evers AVG: .368 with 17 RBI and 3 Home Runs

Cale Bourland AVG: .368 with 15 RBI

Wylie Jones W-L: 2 with 17 strikeouts

Todd Miller W-L: 1 with 33 strikeouts

MOVIES

Dawn of the Dead: Less Dawn, More Dead

by TAYLOR GOULD
Staff Writer

Dawn of the Dead opens with an extremely gory and eerie sequence of scenes where the unexplained phenomenon of zombies roaming Milwaukee begins to take form. Two zombies corner a victim in the back of a bus while the driver in the car behind the bus must watch, helpless, as the zombies devour their prey. Next, the little girl of some friends across the street from the main character attacks the main character's husband, who, upon returning to life, attacks his wife. However, the carnage ends here—along with all other characteristics of a good horror movie.

Dawn of the Dead came with many expectations from horror movie fans everywhere. The original, made in 1978, is a true horror classic, and hails from the trilogy of Dead flicks directed by George A. Romero. Unfortunately, this remake does not meet the high expectations set by the old trilogy. As proven by this attempt at a remake, it is nearly impossible to make a movie better than the original. The new version follows almost exactly the same storyline: five people join together, and head for the mall while zombies suddenly multiply in the city. The disease spreads quickly because once a zombie bites, the victim dies, and is resurrected into a zombie with the sole purpose of killing others. The visual

images of bloodthirsty zombies roaming Milwaukee are horrific, but do not appear often enough.

The movie is more comic than it is scary: a jazzy version of Disturbed's "Down With the Sickness" is played over a scene in which the heroes pick off zombies from the roof of the mall, and the people alive inside the mall are constantly cracking jokes at each other. After each tense and frightening scene, a comedic lull prevents any sort of fear from building up. The real reason this movie fails, however, is that it has no psychological aspects or believable events. A good horror movie stays with you for a few days because there is a sliver of believability in the plot that makes you think it could actually happen. For example, some people still won't say the word "candyman" five times, even though the first *Candyman* came out twelve years ago. That movie, unlike *Dawn of the Dead*, made people truly afraid. The problem is not that zombie movies don't scare people. For example, *Night of the Living Dead* offers the explanation that radiation from a fallen satellite creates zombies, which is not really believable, but is at least an explanation. *Dawn of the Dead* offers no reason for the spawning of the creatures. Hollywood can put the most gruesome images possible on the movie screen, but horror movie fans have seen it all before. They are a discerning group of fans whom it takes more than just shocking visuals to scare.



Zombie Movie or MBA Student on Theme Day? Our reviewer finds them equally exciting

Damien Rice: Revolution in 'O'

by KEVIN SEITZ
Staff Writer

If you haven't heard of Damien Rice, and his debut album *O*, released around six months ago, you're not alone. This small artist receives very little radio play, and even that is in a remix far different from the album. He doesn't truly belong on the radio, as his music is incredibly revolutionary in scraping away everything about music to leave only the raw emotion.

With his disheveled appearance and Irish accent, Rice doesn't come across as the musician he is. In his concerts even, with closed eyes, he stands alone on the stage, without a set list, entirely unafraid and ready to bring whatever music he can

feel. Knowing his background helps to better understand his perspective, as he left a larger rock band years ago, shortly before it appeared they would take the international stage. He went on to live on the streets of Tuscany, where he lived with no money, playing only for himself and giving up entirely on trying to write music. Returning to Ireland, he bought home recording supplies, a computer, and a fax machine, and recorded this album in his bedroom, not wishing to dilute any of it in a studio.

Rice brings something so bare, so exposed, and so honest in his passion with this unbelievably mature first album. Beginning with a hushed strumming on his battered acoustic guitar, it seems he belongs in a dark corner of a bar or street corner,

MUSIC

Ben Kweller: On Disc and at Rocketown

by KEVIN SEITZ
Staff Writer

Attempting to follow his 2002 debut album *Sha Sha*, Kweller's latest release, *On My Way*, attempts to refine his rookie effort, and in doing so ruins much of what had made his music so incredible to begin with. *Sha Sha* saw an extremely gifted, energetic and creative 21 year old slamming his electric guitar and piano, creating seemingly catchy pop sing-alongs, masking the way Kweller screwed with the basis of music, breaking the rules of rhythm and key signatures: a Ben Folds and Ryan Adams meets

Weezer with the Beatles with a tremendously powerful and clean carelessness of youth. Every track follows a different style, from insightful beautiful piano ballads "trees fall and so do men" even the walls start cavin' in when you feel like there's no pretend for you" to crashing guitar driven tracks "sex reminds her of

On *My Way* finds the ever confident and cocky 23 year old trying to define his music, seemingly losing some of the fearless experimenting of the first release. In general, it could be defined as a more toned-down record, as the tracks soon begin to bleed into one another, chorus lines repeated one too many times. The title of the last track "Different but the Same" perfectly names this progression of his music. Still, Kweller still stands out as a remarkably original artist in a genre so overrun with shallow, catchy jingles. Well worth \$12.99.

singing entirely for himself without a care for anything else in the world (There's even a rhythmic clinking of glasses and murmuring voices in "Cheers Darlin" to bring this atmosphere). The darkly introspective song ebbs, flows and throbs at his whim through lyrics so deep that others soon shrink in comparison. As one form, the voice of Lisa Hannigan, opera singers, Gregorian chants, cellos, violins, and clarinets appear but mirror Rice so perfectly they seem to come from one source alone. His voice is freed to fade, whisper, crack, talk, or cry, following whatever path may lead. Somehow, in all its contradiction, the wandering style produces truly touching and absorbing harmonies.

Beyond the obvious musical aspects of this CD, Rice brings to the forefront of his music what so much of music

Originally scheduled for 18-and over Exit In, Kweller and Death Cab for Cutie fans breathed a sigh of relief when the venue was changed to the all-ages Rocketown, quickly becoming a major spot for medium-sized groups, selling out for this and a couple other shows as of late, including a Coheed/AFI/Thursday show. In the main auditorium, which is nearly as wide as our

theatre, and roughly as deep (to the very back of our sound booth), the room perfectly holds a packed group, with the rest of the crowd just close enough to move between people easily. All in all, a very "scientific" polling estimate approximated 700 fans were able to get tickets.

Pedro the Lion, a very small, unknown group, opened, moving quickly through their fairly unremarkable, but still decent rock songs.

Kweller ran up onto stage in the dark alone with all the arrogant swagger he's been labeled with. Violently slamming his

acoustic guitar as loudly as I've ever heard an acoustic guitar played, despite spraying a cloud of spit with every word, he still managed to keep the same tempos and sang with the same clarity as the CD itself. He initially came across as a carefree energetic young musician, doing his best, taking requests and even attempting two Garth Brooks songs. He was extremely friendly with the crowd, and it went well, until he said "goodnight" and simply walked off, stunning everyone both in how short and abrupt the entire session had been. He really is as cocky as they say.

has forgotten: the emotion. "People tell me 'The Blowers Daughter' is such a beautiful song, but Jesus! If you knew the pain that was caused to write that song" he said. Rice is able to express the complex emotions of reality, often letting Hannigan sing the woman's voice in a relationship, to paint a portrait so delicate. The voices and instruments alone would be enough to knock over the listener with feeling. While many other CDs have only a few songs that can capture so much, every one of his songs succeeds in being moving.

No matter what genre of music you prefer, no one can deny Rice's remarkable ability as a songwriter. I can only suggest that you find this CD if ever you search for something different. It's enrapturing from start to auto-stop.



MBA Presents: Aristophanes' *Acharnians*



The Fearsome Firm: Bennett Davidson and Eric Vasilevski, whom the editor could easily beat up.



Comic authority figures Graham Coburn (Sergeant) and Johnny Mishu (Lamachos)



Free Masons meet the KKK in Chase Altenbern (Pseudartabas) who wins for Goofiest Costume



Brent Boyett looking dead sexy (as if he were capable of anything else)



Everitte Barbee (Xanthias) picks up chicks in coal mines or 80s music videos, we're not sure which. About him are Lauren Marcus (Chorus) and Rachel Howell (Chorus)



Sarah Denson (Wife), Zoe Stein (Chorus) and Hannah Menefee (Daughter) pose for the infamous and totally irresistible Tiltman lens



Tommy Cortis (Amphitheos) and his shiny gold cape reinforce some theater stereotypes



Jeff Eberle (Kephisophon), wayward slave and, ironically, ardent Trojans fan



Harris Hornbuckle (Eunuch) wishes he wasn't

ACHARNIANS

played in the Paschall Theater on December 4-7, 2003, to rave reviews. Featuring a cast of more than thirty members drawn from all six of MBA's grades, the MBA players took four huge and wildly receptive audiences through a 2,500-year-old anti-war comedy that still managed to send them home in stitches every night. This 75-minute symphony of slapstick and razor-sharp language was a testament to the skill of the Players and the leadership of director Mr. Malcolm Morrison.

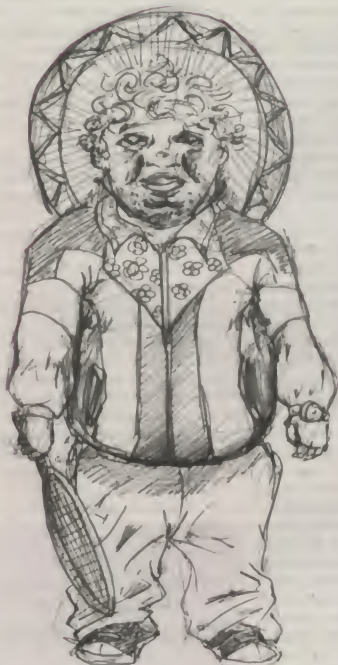
MBA presents *The Foreigner* by Larry Shue at the end of February under the direction of Dr. Cal Fuller.

MBA SENIOR INVITATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT PRESENTS

CLASH OF THE TITANS

APRIL 1, 2004

WOODMONT PARK TENNIS COURTS



IN THE BLUE CORNER:
**DOUGLAS "NOTORIOUS D.U.G."
ALTENBERN**

A SKYSCRAPING 5'6"
A BONE-CRUSHING 220 POUNDS
DEADLY ATTACK SOMBRERO
ELECTROLUMINESCENT POLYESTER ARMOR

VS.



IN THE RED CORNER:
**DAVIDE "THE ITALIAN STALLION"
DEVIETTI-GOGGIA**

LOOK OUT, AIRPLANES: TOWERS AT 5'7"
STEAMROLLING THE ENEMY WITH 230 POUNDS
KILLER EUROPEAN TENNIS MOVES
ABILITY TO CHANGE PRIME MINISTERS FIFTY
TIMES A MINUTE!

THE FINAL SCORE

DOUG 6 - DAVIDE 2

Drawings: Bill Brown, Cartoonist
Text: C. P. Schuller, Editor-in-Chief
Editor's Note: Yes, this actually happened.